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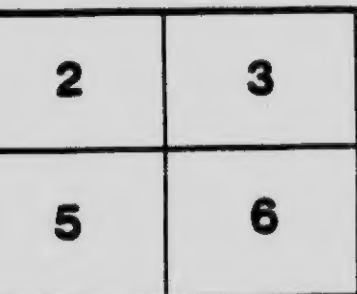
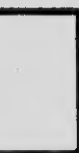
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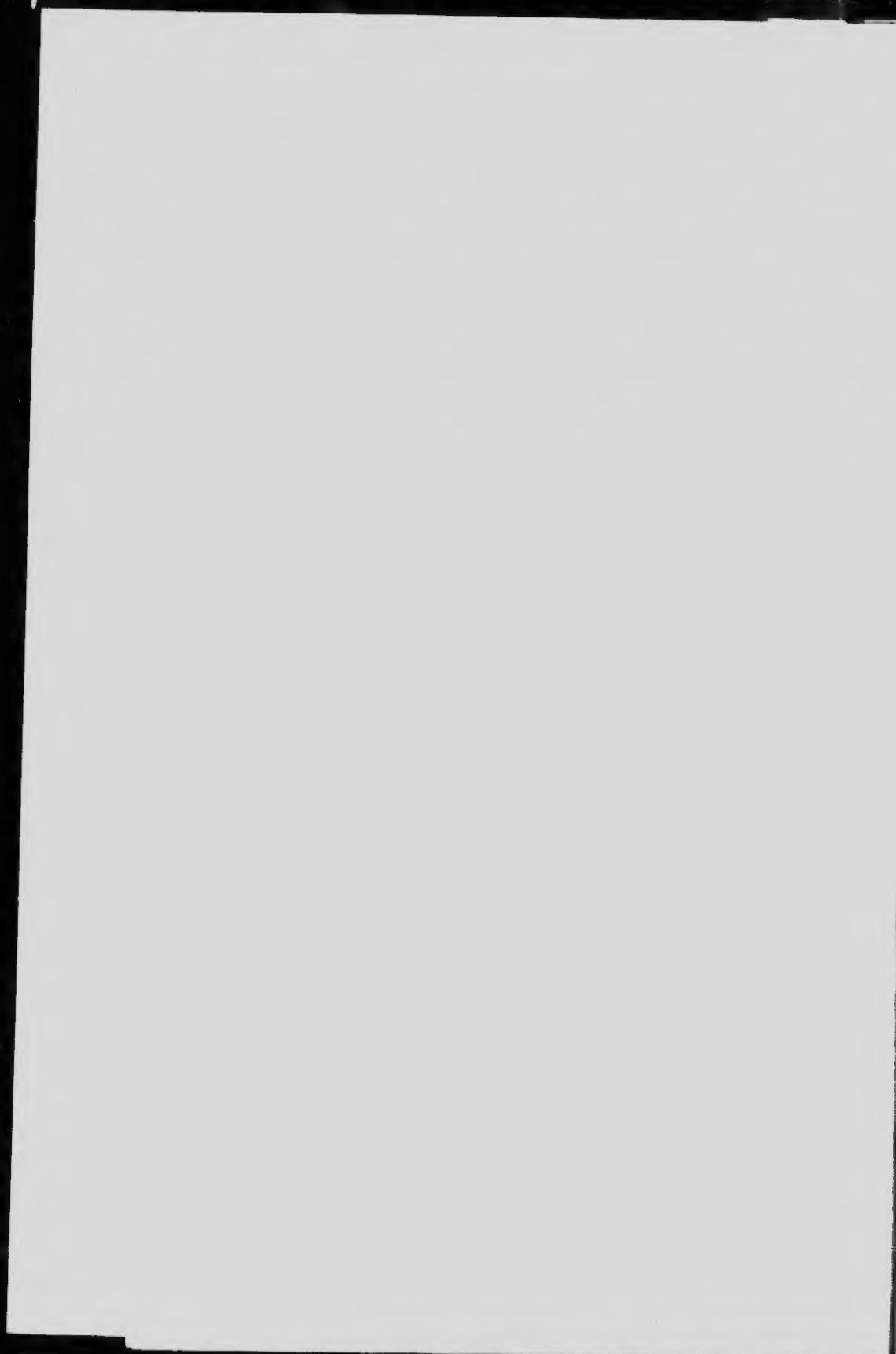
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Kids What I Knows



— BY —
ROSE HENDERSON

MONTREAL
W. H. EATON & SON

N. D. "before 1925"

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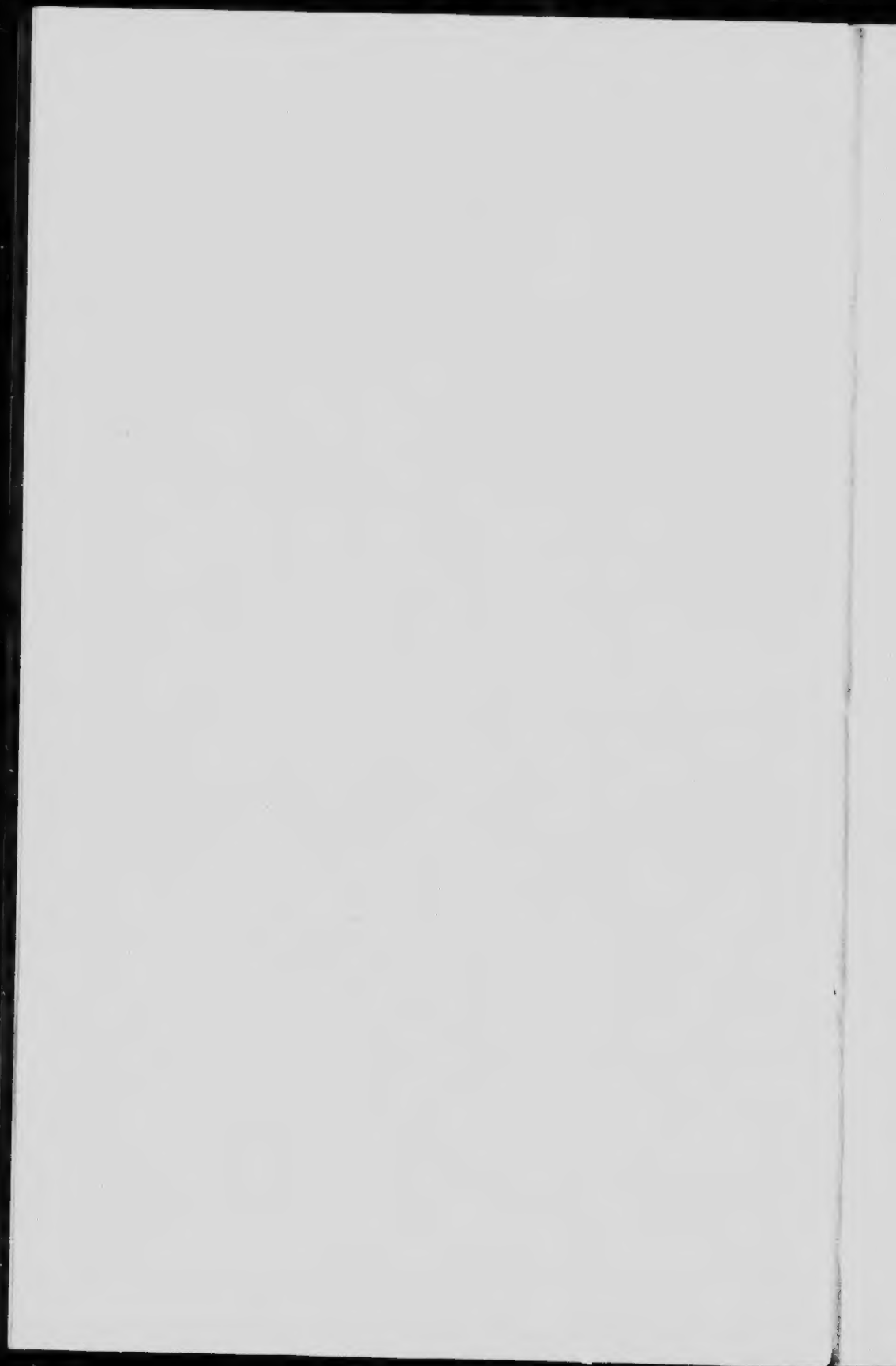
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FOREWORD

The writer of this little booklet lays claim to neither literary nor poetical ability. Her object is to interpret in some degree the child's soul.

If her little book is successful in shedding a gleam of light on the study of this—the most wonderful and complex of God's Creations, if it leads one person to examine into the conditions which yearly claim thousands of children to death and crime she will be amply repaid.

There are no children more mis-understood or more cursed by circumstances than children of the poor. Yet no class of children is more interesting. They are as a whole intelligent, resourceful and ambitious; for these little ones, from the cradle to the grave, life means a battle against adverse social conditions.

Poverty claims them at birth, pursues them relentlessly through life, denies them leisure either for play or growth. It deprives them of pure food, water, airy clean homes, suitable clothes, education and amusements, what wonder that a few children fall victims of our mis-management! We should consider it a miracle that more do not!

Most of these stories are taken direct from life.

God has distributed his gifts impartially, he has made no one section of the community more noble, more virtuous, more intelligent than another section. He has made man in His image potentially good.

It is man, not God who has created class distinctions; has created rich and poor, learned and ignorant. Man through his love of power and greed for gold has created poverty (the worst of all crimes) and through the unequal distribution of wealth he has compelled unequal opportunity

But daily man is growing wiser and realizing this is a false power, an empty gain. He is learning through his mistakes.

The day is fast approaching when he will look back on this as the darkest of all ages, and wonder how he could endure the sight of uneducated, hungry little children working in factory and mill, while he had comfort and ease; how he could enjoy luxuries, warmth and worldly enjoyments, while thousands of little children shivered and were in want.

Man is rapidly learning to understand and control the social forces which now master him, and to realize he is the only instrument through which the divine purpose can be carried out, and that helpless, voiceless little children are to be loved and cherished as our most precious possessions. Life has but one meaning i. e. the development of the individual to the very fullest.

ROSE WILLS HENDERSON.



SALLY'S PRAYER.

Oh ! please God, grow me fastly.
So, as I to work can go,
Cause when we're cold and hung'ry,
Ma cries and worries so.

An' when the rent-man comes around,
His face is red and long,
He shouts an' swears an' ses things,
Ma shivers ; she aint strong.

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An' please God if you're busy,
Making babes for Aunty Lou,
Don't send one to mother
Cause we've only food for two.

An' please God if at Christmas,
Santa Claus is coming down,
To our back room in the cellar
Do please send ma a gown ?

Cause no kid has a better ma,
She's the bestest in the block,
An' just to-day I heard her say,
" I wish I had a frock."

An Oh ! please God just wait a while,
I nearly most forgot,
Don't forget the kids nex door,
They're needen such a lot.

Poor Mrs. Brown ! she works all day,
An' so does Joe an' Magg ;
Cause Mr. Brown loaf's round the town,
An' always has a jag.

An' please God if you're tired
I'll come some other day,
An' then we'll talk an' talk an' talk
I've got such lots to say.

GEORGE THE MISFIT.

George was a happy, healthy, bright-eyed lad of fourteen years, whose only vice was a passion for animals and travel. He would even steal small sums of money to feed a hungry dog or buy a loaf to feed the birds, not caring about himself or his own needs so long as they were happy. On more than one occasion he told me he had only five cents which some one had given him ; he spent one cent for a bun for a dog, one cent for candy for himself and the rest he spent in crackers to see the birds feed. He could be happy in the park with the birds and a couple of dogs around him thinking he himself said "about what made them and me." The only thing that George knew about himself or his origin was what he had heard the people in the village (in which he had lived until his seventh year) say, viz : "that his father had been a wandering musician," and this probably accounted for George's love of roving. He had travelled all over the United States and a great portion of Canada, had slept in freight cars, barns, boxes and anyplace he could find, "that he had never gone without his "grub," as he always found good people." Anyone with a spark of love for childhood or a drop of gipsy blood flowing through their veins can easily understand how George could travel free and fare well also. His frank hazel eyes, curly light brown hair, healthy, clear, sun kissed skin lent him a great,

physical charm. His lips lightly parted were always ready to burst into a broad smile, displaying a perfect set of teeth, a laugh that charmed all and melted the hearts of the most stern official-good-natured, genial, delightful young "Hobo." But apart from all this there was something even greater and much more mysterious about George. Something that could be more easily imagined than described—he had all the qualities of a Seer, a Mystic and a Poet; he was surrounded by an atmosphere of indiscribable peace, beauty and harmony that made it easy for the knowing to understand his love for animals, travel and all things of nature and why he loved to sit and think on what created "them and me."

He was born with a free spirit which humanity so far had not been able to cage; a child of God and Nature which I have no doubt left its mark for good on hundreds of others besides myself. Made them feel as it did me "the value and privilege of basking in the warmth and sunshine of a child's free spirit and love, and no doubt made many wish and long to contribute their share in filling the universe with the laughter and happiness of childhood. He loved the water, liked to sit on the beach and watch the tide coming in and "think," and to sit by the brook and look at the minnows playing, or dance. When he was very young a man took him down to the sea and when he first saw the tide washing in he was "awful skered" and asked him "what

made it come like that." "The man answered that it was a whale, a big fish wagging his tail a long way out," but he knew it was not so, and found out for himself and can give a better explanation than the majority of grown ups could.

He didn't care much for Ball Games, didn't like the rough sport; it gave him nothing to "think about but he loved to see the boat and yacht races they looked so pretty on the water and "a man must be real brave to go out on the big waves"

He had no sisters and never saw his mother "so he knew nothing about girls" He saw some girls that reminded him of flowers and would like to have known them; "most of the girls looked so giggley he thought he had better give 'em the sneak."

Sometimes at night he gets "awful lonely" thinks and longs for his mother, he has formed a mantel picture of her that he is sure must be true 'cause it never leaves him." He sees her sitting in the country at the gate of a farm house just looking like a little girl all dressed in white with long curly hair and big brown eyes always laughing with her arms stretched out to him and he can hear her saying "be good be good." That's why I have never done nothing" sometimes I see her so real laughing that I have to laugh too. I don't tell many people this, 'cause they'd laugh at me" said George But I like to tell you 'cause you seem to understand. Once I told this to a man he looked so nice he was dressed like as if he was a minister

■

but he looked at me a kind of a sneer and said come off now you think you can fool me. I'm afraid you'll go to the nut factory if you dont take care, so I never said anything about this to anyone else. But it's real just the same, just real to me as you are now and I can't help it. Do you think it's true?

I answered him to the effect that it was absolutely true, that God gave him this vision of his mother to make him happy and guide him through life and that it was this influence that had guided and protected him this far, and to always wait and listen when he was tempted to do wrong, for this voice and he would be sure to never go far astray. His eyes and face became radiant.

The child seemed assured of something real something which had been always a part of his real life, but which he was not absolutely sure of and the conviction which gave him inexpressible joy, as may be inferred from his questions and remarks.

"Do you really believe in things which you can't see or touch?" "Do you think my mother can pray for me and love me where she is?" "An when I see her the words she speaks is that which keeps me from swipin'?" "Would it seem an awful dark sin if I was to call that God?"

I answered all his profound questions to the best of my ability, assuring him that it wouldn't be an "awful dark sin to call that God." On the contrary it was one of the many ways God had of

teaching and guiding humanity and making children happy.

The tears welled up in his big soulful eyes and after a few moments of silence said: "Well, I know no trade, I ain't got no schooling like other boys, I can't do nothing to build great things, but I can and I will be good, and may be me being good will make some other kid good."

George went back to the land of his birth and as far as I am concerned lost sight of, and generally speaking will be lost sight of to the world at large, will probably be one of the multitudes who swell the numbers in some institution or factory, where there is no place for individuality, or to grow where mind and body cannot thrive; where ideals and aspirations of the spirit and soul are crushed out before they have had a chance to be born and where thousands of our most precious possessions—the children—are maimed and brutalized daily.

Oh! the beauty of thought and ideals locked in each child's heart awaiting the intelligence of mankind, and the magic touch of love out from their souls to start to grow and blossom free and untrammelled as the flowers, to intoxicate humanity with a divine fragrance.



SANDY'S LETTER,

Dear God I live down in a lane,
Where there's lots of kids for sure,
An' their ma's an' pa's an' auntie's,
Are very, very poor.

So God, I thought I'd tell you
All about the folk and place.
Cause the other day pa said to ma,
"What's coming of the race?"

I work an' work from morn till night,
I neither drink nor smoke,
An' yet we aint got grub enough,"
Then ma looked up an' spoke.

She said that God was coming sure,
To give the poor their own,
That all their trials and sorrows,
Must be settled very soon.

So if you think of coming, God,
Be sure an' let me know,
So I can watch an' show you,
Cause you'd never find our row

You go down a lane an' through a court,
An' up a broken stair,
An' ask the man in number ten
For little Sandy Blair.

Then I'll take you up a narrow street,
An' through a lane or two,
An' show you where my cousins live,
They'll be watching out for you.

Then I'll take you down to mothers,
In courtyard number ten,
An' show you all the shanties
What's owned by great rich men.

Where the babies choke wid dirt an smoke
An' the rats and cats play tag;
An' the kiddies work the livelong day
An' the fathers die of fag.

An' if you can remember God,
The bairns what's in the mill,
Jest tell the boss an headmen,
Not to work them fit to kill.



TEDDIES WISH.

I hope I'll never, never grow
Old and bent like daddy,
With hollow eyes and teeth all out
And wearin clothes whats shabby.

I'd sooner die and be with God.
And sing and play in Heaven,
Than see ma starve and wash and scrub
And workin' for eleven.

When dad gets home from work at night
He's tired, cold and dirty,
And ma's so worn she's like to faint,
She's no time to dress up purty.

The kids is hungry, cold and cross,
They'd nearly drive you dizzy ;
The fire is out, the supper's cold,
And Gran is scolding Lizzie.

Then Dad puts down his grub like mad
And rushes off with Farrell,
And if you pass the corner bar
You'll see them round the barrel.

I want to look just like me boss
Tall and straight and dandy,
But what's the use in wishing so
When I even can't buy candy.

I want to see my mudder dresst
And Kit with a real dolly,
And daddy with a bran new suit
Pshaw ! I'm dreamin' folly.

I want to hear some music
See the pictures and the show.
Ah ! what's the use in thinkin' stuff
When a feller's got no doe.

Oh ! Its hard to be a kid for sure !
What has to work for ever,
No time for play no time to grow,
Or think how to be clever.

So if you know some little kid
Poor and sick and weary,
Don't forget to try and help
To make his life more cheery.



JENNY'S PLEA.

Please do not be cross with me,
I didn't understand,
I wanted food, I wanted clothes,
An' things to make me grand.

An' Ma was always out at work,
Since Pa has gone away,
As I stayed home to mind the kids,
The blessed live-long day.

At times they nearly set me wild,
They cried and made a fuss.
Poor ma ! was almost worked to death,
Getting food for all of us.

An' I just thought I'd like to help,
Please ! I really didn't know
An' when that nice man came along,
He took me to the show.

An' then says he to me one day,
" You look so sweet an' fine,
I'd dress you up and love you so,
If you would jist be mine."

An' oh ! the first time I found out
I almost nearly died,
I begged and begged to let me go,
Then I jus' sat down an' cried.



NELL AND PETE.

In a dark and dreary courtyard,
Down a narrow, dirty street,
In a tumbled, sunless shanty,
Lives little Nell and Pete.

Pale and wan but happy,
In the Muses' magic spell,
Says little Nell to Peter,
"Let's try at playing Hell."

Then Pete with manly courage,
Set about his task to do,
Got out his mother's bread-knife,
Of the bad to make a stew.

And Nell put on St. Peter's cap,
Of paper brown and strong,
And sat upon a soap box
Struck dumb by angel's song.

Ah shaw ! says little Peter,
" The Devils I cant see,
I want to kill and stew them
And make soup for you and me."

But Nell with clearer vision,
Could hear the angels pray,
Could see no imps of Satan,
Dressed up in colours gay.

She could see the great archangel,
With children bright and strong,
Romping in the gardens,
Midst flowers and birds and song.

Then said little Nell to Peter
" Hell is nothing more
Than lies made up by bad ones,
To scare the children sure."

" My ! its getting dark said Peter
And ma will soon be here,
Lets sweep the floor and play no more,
Of things what makes us fear."

LITTLE MOTHER "NAN."

Nancy was only seven years old, pale and careworn with a pathetic far away look that fairly haunted me, she stared at me out of her large brown eyes, the lids of which seemed unable to quiver, her form still and motionless, her dark, thin straight hair fell in strings about her neck and shoulders not knowing the touch of a comb from week to week. A bath was unknown, for in Nancy's hovel called "home" there was neither bath nor wash-tub; the large pot serving as wash-tub and family stewing-pot, when fate was kind enough to send meat and vegetables at the same time to stew, which was only on "State" occasions and holidays. It was plainly visible to even the casual observer or the chance visitor that Nancy was the victim of many generations of social environment and poverty and all its attendant evils. Nancy's great grandmother had been a servant, her grandmother a factory girl, and her mother a "Washer Lady," and no doubt when Nancy graduates into woman's estate she too will go through most of these professions. Nancy (to use her own expression) "never had no father though lots of kiddies she knew had fathers, she never had."

Her mother, a frail dejected, hopeless little speck of womanhood not having strength or intelligence enough to provide for or look after herself properly, but made a brave effort to do what she

could for her old mother and child. Her mother was not old in years but at fifty-five on account of the hard life she had led she was crippled and almost useless. "Nancy, Dear Nancy, Sweet Nancy" was the idol of both mother and grandmother, and Nancy certainly deserved their adoration. She was the one ray of sunshine in that dark and dreary hovel; her mother's sole inspiration and comfort. "Oh ! its cruel," said Nancy's mother to me one day with tears streaming down her cheeks, "those good church ladies doesn't understand how the poor loves their children, they came and tried to make me give up my darling Nancy only because I am poor; they wanted to put her in a home where I would always have to beg permission to see my own child, they sent a police-officer to scare me into giving her up, but I told them I would sooner die than give her up; if they took my child they wud be taking my life too, so they left me alone, but when I'm sick and can't work I'm so afraid they'll come and take her away. Oh ! please lady don't ever take a child from a mother what wants to keep her, its cruel, its terrible; they can't believe in God what does that, and "darling Nancy" hung on to her weeping mother's neck apparently fully realizing the tragedy, which few can understand in separating a mother and child. "It's lovely" exclaimed Nancy's mother "to see the dear sing her gran to sleep"; sometimes we don't have any money to spend for

oil and candles so we do have to go to bed early : the child doesn't be sleepy, but she gets into bed and sings to put her "Gran" to sleep, and tries to smooth her wrinkles out, and do you believe it, she seems to have some sort of power in them little hands, for whenever I'm tired and have a headache all she has to do is to rub my head a bit and the pain goes. "Oh how could we do without her?"

Nancy is very fond of children and in the court-yard where she lives there are many babies; some of their mothers have to go out to work, so she plays "mamma." One day she saved a little baby (whose mother had gone out to work) from being burnt. The little brother of three had got some matches and set the bed on fire. Nancy saw the smoke and screamed out "Oh ! Gran, Gran look," then darted into the house, grabbed the baby and took it to Gran to mind, and got a man to go and get the fire-engine which saved the poor hovel from being burnt down.

I made Nancy's acquaintance in a strange way. One dark, d drizzly night in November she came into the Mission, walking slowly and timidly and leading by the hand a dirty, ragged little boy of five. She gazed all around and finally looking towards me she smiled and came up to me and said, "Please can I come here?" I got two little red chairs which pleased them very much. Nancy seemed to think chairs were only to look at in shop windows, and not to sit on, but in a little

while she was at her ease and appeared to want to say something to me : she had neither hat nor coat on ; her little chum Johnny had a cap, but no coat or rubbers, his knees and toes were both out, and both seemed very interested in the proceedings : it was the first time Nancy or her friend had ever been to a Mission or Church as " their Mas and Pas had no use for religion, it doned them no good," and had it not been for the fact that Nancy was a stranger in the neighbourhood and went on a tour of investigation on her own account and having been attracted by the music and songs of the Mission ; the chances are that I should never have had the pleasure of knowing her and my life at least would have been that much less the richer.

I was in the midst of giving a lesson on cleanliness, and as I looked at these two late beautiful but dirty additions I could not help appreciating the situation and realise how appropriate and opportune the moment. I was impressing the fact upon them " that all children were like beautiful flowers but that only the roots of the flowers were in the earth or were dirty or soiled ; the flowers themselves were like the children —above the earth, and were always bright, clean and beautiful ; to which Nancy seemed to agree with a vigorous shake of the head, sitting all the while with eyes and mouth wide apart, drinking in every word. Towards the close of the lesson I was holding out various bribes to induce the children to come always with clean hands and

faces. I told them of the beautiful summer coming and of the day when we would all go to St. Helen's Island and bathe in the St. Lawrence River; of Xmas coming when the boy or girl with the greatest number of marks for cleanliness would receive his prize (to his and his mother's joy), when all of a sudden looking down at little Nan (a picture to behold her arms around Johnny) who evidently gathered by my remarks that there would be no place for him, looked up at me in an affectionate and appealing way, and with tears in her eyes and voice trembling with emotion said "Oh please lady can Johnny come too? cause he has no mamma to clean him but I'll clean him as well as meself."



GETTING WISE.

Magg an Mame can't play the game,
Wid kids like Ned an Mat,
Mame can't run and Magg's no fun,
They don't know how to bat.

I took them out the other day,
Their hands an' feet to cool,
An' when I sed "I like you May,"
She looked an' sed "You fool."

So then ses I "no more for me
Of girls on the fly."
Now—when they say—"We like the show,"
I look them in the eye,

An say—"Dear May you'll find some day
All kids you cannot fool,
I'm getting wise like other guys
I'm learning in your school."



BENNY'S VERSION.

Ah! say Mr. Judge an you wouldn't
Be juggin a feller like him,
His fader an' mudder were drinkin
And turned out Billy an' Jim.

An' the cop went to beat up his fader
An' his mudder struck him wid a can,
So Jonny could stand it no longer
An' that's how the row first began.

Say! Jonnie's the brightest and bravest
An' a cop's just a cop we all know,
But its up to you Mr. Judge, sir!
To tell the poor kid, he can go.

Oh ! you've never been down in our yard sir ?
Our house is the last in the block,
If you've never been down, please don't come sir !
I know t'would give you a shock.

The ceiling's all down an' the paper's all dirt
An' the mud-gee ! its up to your eyes!
But the thing that drives us most crazy,
Is the rats an' the bugs an' the flies.

Ah! let him go home to his mudder
The bunch is all tremblin' with fear ;
An' if Jimmie's sent down to the cooler
He'll be short on his Christmas cheer.

An' sure an' you would't be happy
At home wid your kids round your knees
When you'd think of poor little Jonney
Away in the cooler, Ah ! please !



MIKE'S QUESTION.

Says little Mike to Paddy, "

"Do you believe in God?"

"Of course I do!" says Paddy

With his elbow on the hob.

"Is God just like your father?"

Says little Mike to Pat.

"O course he is!" says Paddy

"What makes you ask me that?"

"Cause if God is like your father,
When I've done things what's wrong,
I don't ask his forgiveness,
Out o' books by reading long."

"An' I don't like to talk to God,
An' read an' read an' read,
I like to just look up an' say,
"Oh! Father see my need."



IKY'S DILEMMA.

Does God ever visit the alleys?
Or think of the kids what's there?
Pa says "he don't believe it,"
Ma says "God's everywhere."

If God loves the kids of the alley,
The kids what's dirty and smell.
Why do the idle dressed-up folk
Come down and tell us of Hell?

When I'm home taking care of the baby,
While mother is out at work,
And pa's in bed with the fever,
I don't think that's much worth.

As if hunger an' cold an' sickness
An' fear, an' deceit, an' smell,
An' going without toys an' candy
An' base-ball an' things aint Hell.



DAVY'S RESOLVE.

If I'm ever a man I'll carry a can,
An fight the pleeceman too,
An I'll swear like pa,
When he's jawed by ma,
For licking sister Sue.

I'll drink an' drink, an' eat an' eat,
An I'll go to the picture show,
I'll be good to the kids,
With the hair out their lids--
Its a sin to hang on to your doe.

I'll go the race wid me best gal "Grace"
An I'll bet on the horse that'll beat,
An if they dont give the mon,
I'll buy a small gun,
An' chase them all over the streer.

I'll buy roses for ma, an a motor for pa,
An' a Injun suit for Bill ;
I'de buy candy an' buns,
An' divide wid me chums,
An' a book on detectives for Phil.

When the circus wid come we'd all go on the run,
We'd buy nuts for the elephant's trunk ;
An' Jimmy an' Mike,
W'd each have a bike,
That w'd put all the cops on the punk.

An when I'd be dead wid a stone at me head
T'would say "Here lies brave Davy Finn
A lover of lads,
A hater of cads
An' strongly attracted to gin.

A MESSAGE BOY'S DIARY.

Geel! This is my first day in a real job. It makes one feel as if he was some feller. Tom Smith and Charlie Grey 'll be awful mad wen they see me wid me pay, but then a feller mus'nt be to boatin' caus it isn't fare to make the oder fellers gelos, an' some day they mai be makin more nor me then I'd be mad.

Got up this mornin' and made me brekfas' my old woman was aik, she's bin having it purty hard of late an' washin' is hard for a woman of 55 troubled wid de rumatika, had bred and tee, real milk and molasses in it. My I won't it be fine to have reel milk and molasses at every meal now I'm workin'. I'll be livin' like a milinair. Went 22 messages to-day. Gosh! but I'm lernin' things, went 1 plac' and saw a reel milinair, he had a swel ofis silver fixins an' flours on his desk, it must hav' bin his missis that was in to see him caus' he was so fond of her, she was drest somethin' swel and a had a gran' smel of perfumery it was somethin' grate, an' staid in me nose fur hours; if ever I can get money to spar I'll by that kind for ma I no she'd like it.

Went to another ofis had to walk up fore fites of stayra caus the eleviator isn't fur wurk people an' I mus'nt fargit I'm workpeople now, the man's boy was wid him, geel but he lookt swel wid a fine sute of clos widout a hole an his boots and fac all shinin' cleen, he was givin him money to go to the basebal or show I spose, an' he had a big books of kandie. I stud to look a minut at him an' the man shouted be of wid yon boy you musn't loof. Oh! I wish I had a pa to give me things, an' it mus' be nice to loof, but I spose God mad pore childer fur to work so as rich childer ud gro' an' loof and be drest nice, cause it wouldn't look nice to se all the childer workin an' durtie and waring raggidy clos, then if God mad things lik that it wud be a sin to loof an' ill just wurk. I wunder what God looks lik, if he is a big gint or if he is lik the mission lady ses "inwisible," I'd sooner he was inwisible, cause that ruse be somethin' grate cause wen you think you're goin to se him you dont see him at al.

Didn't have to git ud this mornin, was up al nite wid me
 mudder; she was sik. I think it was the nite mare cause she
 cried wid pane an' sed it was sone goin to be her las; that
 hard work and kneeling on offe flurs was kilin her an' had tur
 herumatika. I mus work all the harder now cause mudder
 is al I got, an it mus be teribl fur a teller to hav no 1 to work
 fur, an' no mudder or anyone to care fur him, an' be al alon
 in this big wurld. Gee! that wud be seerce. Got up this
 mornin, it was awful hard, I was tird an' me bones aaked an'
 ther was no wud fur the fire an ma wasn't avel to go fur her
 pay, so jus toke sum cold water an bred an molasses: it was
 awful hard yesterdai as the boss had lots of grandd things goin
 on, but I met a reel nice ladie an that made me glad, I went a
 message to; it mus be a palase cause it was jus like them
 pickuns wat you sees in the sho: a man wid gold butons an
 gloves opened the dor, it was awful gud to git inside cause it
 was rainin outside, an I was sokin to the skin: ther was
 musik goin on an luvlie flurs everywher gee! wouldnt I lik
 to have a few for mudder she loves flurs, ther was nice gurls
 drest up wid wite caps on their heds, an were carrin big trays
 of stuf, candy, an kakes an icecream, O! lots of lovely stuf,
 the ladie kame out an spok to me an had a lovely dog on her
 arm wid a rele satin kover an a grandchane an ribon on his neck
 he semed to lik me an wanted to lik my hand but when the
 ladie saw this puled him away fast she said, she was affrade of
 mikrobes; them mus be terrible bad things, but I felt sorry fur
 the dog he wanted to kom wid me, the ladie spok reel nice, an
 sed I must wash meself an ware beter close and put on good
 boots an always wurk hard an sed that the pore kud be better
 if they wasn't lazy. O! she was real nice an if I was her dog
 an not Jimmy meself she wud be gud to me an, I wud hav a
 gud time an be hapy but we musnt want to much the bos ses
 it isn't good for us to hav to much. tonite I git me pay an I'll
 giv it to me mudder an maybe weill go to the show an git
 somethin nice to eat! O! this'll make mudder an me hapy.

A WISH.

Build me a house on the tree tops,
Far from man's abode,
Down by the churning mill-stream,
Away from the great high-road.

And there let me live and ponder,
On the ways of kith and kin,
And there let me rest and wonder,
At the power and mercy of Him.

Build me a house in the tree top
Near where the children pass,
Let me tell them of angels and fairies,
And pray for each lad and lass.

And tell them of Brownies and Goblins
Whispering in their behalf,
When they're fast asleep in their cradles,
Dancing to make them laugh.

Build me a house in the tree-top,
And just at the close of day,
Let me hear the song and laughter,
And watch the children play.

Let me mend their broken dollies,
Dispel their darkest fear,
And crone them into dreamland,
With happy, healthy cheer.

